THE PSYCHOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.

A St. Valentine's Day Story.

By Arthur J. Stringer.

Professor Edward Wisington, lecturer on practical psychology at the University of Elsewhere, was in a great dilemma. The more he thought over it the greater that dilemma grew. So it ended, of course, in his doing what he always did in such cases—going and asking his sister Frances about it. Frances, or Frank, as he always called her, was such a wise little woman—that is, in most things! She was always disarranging his apparatus and mixing up his papers, and she had some mad idea that a study table ought to be cleaned up at least once a week, and she was a little frivolous, too, and said Hudson's law of psychic phenomena was bosh. But, then, said the young professor, with a sigh, girls would be girls.

But he always called her his "right hand man." This was quite right, for Frances had found she had to watch her big brother like a baby. Sometimes he even forgot his own name. Frances blamed it all on his five years at Heidelberg. He had come home from Germany able to think of nothing but psychology. She had to tell him when to carry an umbrella, and when to wear his greatcoat, and when to come to dinner, and which professor it was borrowed his Baldwin's handbook, and when he had or had not paid his bills, and when he should and should not call. So it was no wonder the learned psychologist went to his little sister.

"You see, Frank, it's this way," said he, sinking wearily into a big chair by the fire, while Frances fluttered about making tea. "I've got an idea, you know, a really excellent idea, my dear. You know my first book, 'The Biology of Beauty,' and you remember the supplementary volume, 'The Racial Function of Affection?' I got hold of a new field there, an absolutely new field, Frankie, and now one more volume along that line of thought would constitute a trilogy of great psychological value. One more volume, my dear, would do it."

The young professor paused and ran his fingers perplexedly through his hair.

Suddenly he looked up and asked, "Frank, were you ever in love?"

Frances blushed crimson, for, be it known, a big undergraduate of Elsewhere had been sending her roses and taking her to football matches for two years. But the young professor was always thinking of his psychology.

So Frances laughed and said lightly: "Why, of course, dear. There are 19 of 'em, you know, Teddie, and if I didn't have to stay and take care of you I'd marry 'em all!"

The young professor looked reprovingly over his glasses at his sister.

"Frances," he said gravely, "I fear you are frivolous, exceedingly frivolous." Instead of denying the charge the accused young lady deliberately mussled up the young professor's hair in a most affectionate manner. She noticed there was just a streak or two of gray coming in it.

"Well, Teddie, dear, what is the third volume to be about?" she finally said, giving him his tea.

"What about? Well, that's just it!" The young professor put down his teacup and checked off something on his fingers. "It ought to be 'The Psychology of Courtship,' you know, but here's just where I'm stuck. The trouble is, my dear, I—I don't know anything about courtship."

The young professor sighed and gazed in the fire with a look of pensive wistfulness. Frank sighed, too, but said nothing.

"You see, Frank, I've got the first three-quarters of the thing done. I began, of course, with a discussion on 'Asexual Genesis,' then thrashed out 'The Mating of Mammals.' Then I went into 'The Courtship of Song Birds' and reviewed all the animal kingdom except one species. And there I'm stuck!"

"Which species?" said Frank, passing him the sugar.

"Why, the human species, dear—men and women, you know!" said the young professor in despair.

"Oh, is that all?" said Frank, with relief.

"Isn't that enough? The most important part of the whole work!"

"Why, Teddie, it's the easiest thing in the world! Get engaged!"

"Engaged? I get married? Why, I—I never did such a thing in my life!"

"Of course you didn't, Teddie, you stupid old fellow! But why not try it now?"

The young professor viewed the suggestion as a working hypothesis for several minutes.

"Really, that seems a rather good idea, you know."

"It's the only idea," said Frances.

"Of course it is when you think it over," agreed the young professor. "But stop a minute!" He got up and walked up and down in perplexity. "But it's impossible, out of the question, absurd! Why, there has to be a woman! And there isn't any!"

"How about Dorothea Davidson?" suggested Frances.

It was the young professor's turn to blush. Much to his horror Frances was in the habit of always asking friends of hers in for tea. Among those who came oftenest was Dorothea Davidson. Professor Davidson was the head of the moral philosophy department of the university, and of course that was why the young psychologist had treated Dorothea with less absentmindedness and abstraction than he displayed to the ordinary young lady of Elsewhere. In fact, he had even taken her to a couple of polo matches on the university campus and sent her his two books bound in gold and green morocco. But one day the jocular little fellow in mathematics made some sly allusion to the fact, and thereafter the young professor always fled precipitately whenever he found that charming and quite harmless young lady drinking tea with his sister. But Frances was a wise little woman, and she knew what she knew.

So when the young professor considered such an astounding proposal he did so with considerable embarrassment.

"But—er—Frank, the—er—lady herself, you know? She—she mightn't like that sort of thing!"

"Why, you foolish boy, that's where the courtship comes in."

"But, I say, Frank, how—how would you advise a fellow to go about this sort of thing?"

"How?" said Frances. "Why, it's all easy enough. Tomorrow is St. Valentine's day. Send Dorothea a valentine in the first place, a nice one, with a little sentiment in it, you know, to show her you're not a stick."

"Does—does she really think I'm a stick?" asked the young professor, aghast. He had never looked at it in that light before.

"Of course she does! Couldn't think anything else, Teddie dear! And after you've sent her the valentine you ought to call or do something like that, you know, and then I'll ask Dorothea over to tea with us, and then—and then—oh, then you'll have to do all the rest yourself!"

So Frances very wisely brought him his pipe, filled it for him and left him thinking a woman wasn't a bad thing to have about, after all.

The young professor turned to his books and looked up St. Valentine's day and its history. He found the original St. Valentine was a pious old bishop who was put to death in the reign of Emperor Claudius. That didn't help him out very much. He made a note of the fact, however, and said he would see Professor Inchcape about it in the morning. But, after all, this had little to do with the matter. He would never get through this thing, he told himself, if he stuck at details. So he took his indispensable notebook and wrote under Feb. 13, "See about valentine for D. D." Under Feb. 14 he wrote: "See Brown about plumbing. Write to Dr. Roberts re mating plumage of Cincinnurus regius and Paradisea sexpennis. Ask Dorothea if she will marry me."

That evening he stole out and secretively purchased a gorgeous valentine, a bewildering creation of poetry, perfume and pink and white satin. On the back of it he wrote, "With the very sincere regards of Edward Wisington." That did not seem satisfactory, so he carefully erased it and wrote in its place, "To D. D., with love from E. W." That seemed better. As he dropped it into a letter box he saw a group of undergraduates coming down the street. He turned pink and fled hurriedly up a side street. He felt that the Rubicon had been crossed.

The young professor spent most of St. Valentine's day in the university library. When he came in for tea late in the afternoon, he had forgotten everything in this world but the fact that he had found a most precious German monograph on the generation of pedunculated cirripeds, and it had given him at least a dozen new ideas.

His jaw fell when he found Miss Dorothea Davidson in the big chair by the fire, with Frances sitting at her feet. The arms of that big chair seemed to hug Dorothea in an almost human way. The young professor did not run away, but he was oppressed with a sense of something forgotten. He felt sure it was something to do with both pedunculated cirripeds and Dorothea, but for the life of him he could not remember what it was.

While taking his tea he decided to slip over to his littered desk and look for his notebook. He felt sure it would be in his notebook. Frances thought he was trying to escape.

"Now, Teddie, you mustn't work when we're here!" she cried, catching him by the coattails.

"No, we really won't let you work!" said Dorothea, holding out her arms and blocking the way to his desk in a very tempting way. The young professor noticed she looked very lovely. "But, Frank, dear, I"—

"No, no! Teddie, you mustn't! Not today. Take his notebook there, Dolly. That'll fix him!"

Dolly promptly did so. Yet she held it with a certain reverence, for she had always been half afraid of this big young man whose name was known in all the scientific reviews.

"I wonder what is so important, Dolly? Let's find out. Something about isometric projections, is it, dear?"

Dolly ran her eyes down the open page. Then she turned pale, dropped the notebook and said she—she really must be going?

"Why, Dolly, what is it?" said Frances, picking up the fallen notebook. Then she read aloud: 'Feb. 14—See Brown about plumbing.' That's all right. 'Write to Dr. Roberts re mating plumage of Cincinnurus regius and Paradisea sexpennis.' That seems all right. 'Ask—Dorothea—if—she—will'—Why, I—I—oh, there's, there's—yes, I'm sure there's somebody ringing down stairs, and I must see about it!"

And Frances shut the door quite tight when she went out.

"TAKE HIS NOTEBOOK, THERE, DOLLY; THAT'LL FIX HIM!"

A Joke Cost Chicago the Convention.

Richard C. Kerens of Missouri declares that the little joke of President Miller of the Hamilton club of St. Louis being a suburb of Chicago cost the latter city the convention, which shows that it isn't safe to twit on facts. Members of the national committee, however, say that Dr. Jamieson is himself responsible for the result. He was one of the two tellers—Mr. Durbin of Indiana was the other—and on the second ballot, being engaged in the performance of his duties, forgot to vote. The polls showed 24 for Chicago, 23 for Philadelphia and 1 (Mr. Kerens) for St. Louis. When the chairman announced that some one had neglected to vote, Dr. Jamieson went over to Mr. Payne, made a confession and asked him to insist upon another ballot, whereupon Mr. Payne suggested that instead of passing the hat around among the members, who were scattered and constantly moving about the rooms, the roll be called and every man step up and deposit his ballot on the table. This was done, and the result was that Philadelphia gained two votes and Chicago gained one. Mr. Kerens and somebody else, who had supported Chicago on the previous ballot, threw their votes to Philadelphia, and the result was a majority for that city.—Chicago Record.

How to Brown Oysters.

Drain large oysters and to the liquor add some dark, well seasoned beef stock; cook ten minutes together and strain. In a spider melt some butter and let it slightly brown; then add half the quantity of flour as of butter, blend and brown without burning to a rich darkness; add the oysters, moving them about gently for a few seconds; then pour enough of the strained sauce to make a sauce of medium consistency. Serve on small rounds of toast.

GRIM SABLE ISLAND.

THIS WRECK STREWN SAND BAR IS DOOMED BY THE SEA.

One of the Weird Legends of This Ocean Graveyard—A Woman in White, a Bleeding Forefinger and a Ring Sold in Halifax.

"Sable island belongs to Nova Scotia, is 445 miles from Halifax and 85 miles east of Cape Canso," writes Gustav Kobbe in Ainslee's. "It is a treeless, shrubless waste, seamed by wind and wave and of ever changing aspect. A cone shaped hill near the east end, once a mere undulation of sand, is now over 100 feet high and is still growing. Other hillocks are gradually being mowed away by storms. The hillocks are liable to be undermined so swiftly and swept out of existence that they are carefully watched from the various stations on the island, there being no certainty how far an inroad of the sea will extend after each successful attack. Even the coarse grass of the island grows in a different manner from that of the mainland. It does not bear seed, but shoots up from roots which run along under the sand. During the winter the sand is blown over the grass and buries it sometimes three or four feet deep, but the hardy blades grow up next season, as if the island sands had protected them from the cold of winter in order to make them all the stronger.

"The island itself is fighting for self preservation. It seems as if it drew ships into its fatal embrace as rallying points for its loose and shifting sand, thus to protect itself by a bulwark of wrecks against annihilation by the sea. Tradition says that when Sable island was discovered by Cabot in 1447 it was 80 miles long and 10 miles wide. In 1802, when a rescue station was established there, it was only 40 miles long. Since then it has shrunk to but little more than 20 miles in length, and in width it is only a mile at its widest. Within 28 years the western end lost seven miles. Shoals over which the ocean now surges are pointed out as former sites of lighthouses. One of these was so swiftly undermined by the sea that it had to be abandoned with the greatest precipitation. The spot where once stood the superintendent's house is now under two fathoms of water.

"The island, rapidly diminishing at its western end, is slightly gaining at its eastern. Slowly, like a ship dragging its anchor, it is moving eastward. Will it ever reach the edge of the shoals, stand tottering on the brink of the abyss till it receives its coup de grace and plunge over the submarine bank forever into the depths? Unfortunately its end will probably be less dramatic. There is good ground for believing that this gray sand bar will slowly wear away until it becomes another submerged shoal added to an ambuscade already some 60 miles in length, for a line of breakers extends 16 miles from one end of the island and 28 miles from the other.

"In the space of a single year Sable island claimed more than 200 lives. In fact, so many wrecks line the shoals of this ocean graveyard that the new pile up on the old, like bodies heaped in one ditch. The Crofton Hall, an iron sailing ship wrecked a few years ago on the northeast bar, broke in two about amidships. The pieces have drifted together again, and the islanders suppose that she struck crosswise upon an old submerged wreck and is settling over it, which accounts for the two parts coming together. Nor is the island satisfied with the awful tribute which it exacts from the living. The same informant who writes me about the Crofton Hall adds that the bark John McLeod, which was wrecked off Devil's island at the entrance to Halifax harbor, drifted ashore on Sable island bottom up, a wreck of a wreck!

"One of the grimmest legends of Sable island dates from the wreck of the Amelia, and there is enough evidence of truth connected with it to show what bloody deeds were added on that occasion to the terrors of shipwreck. Captain Torrens, who commanded the gunboat which was dispatched to Sable island after the wreck of the Amelia, was one of the survivors of the second disaster. A passenger on the lost transport was Lady Copeland, on her way to join her husband. The captain of the gunboat had been told that she wore on her forefinger a ring of peculiar artifice.

"The story has it that Captain Torrens, wandering over the island one night in search of possible survivors, was attracted by the piteous whining of his dog in front of a small, open shelter known to have existed at that time, but long since toppled to pieces. Approaching the shelter, he was startled to see the figure of a woman all in white and holding toward him the bleeding stump of a forefinger. While he was gazing at the apparition it rose, silently glided past him and dived into the sea. But time and again thereafter the white woman with bleeding forefinger was seen wandering over the sand hills.

"It is probably only part of the weird legend that Captain Torrens, feeling sure that a shocking crime had been committed, tracked the guilty pirate until he discovered his family on the coast of Labrador and learned that the ring had been sold in Halifax. It is a fact, however, that many years after the disaster Lady Copeland's ring was discovered in a jewelry store in Halifax and was returned to her family. From that hour her ghost has ceased to haunt the island."

Surprised.

McSwatters—Where are you going?

McSwitters—I'm going south for my health.

McSwatters—How did your health ever get so far away as that?—Syracuse Herald.

MEET HIM WITH A SMILE.

A Rule That Elicits a Protest From Married Women.

"I do wish some one would write a few rules for men," said a young married woman recently. "I'm awfully tired of reading in magazines and newspapers that I must meet my husband when he comes home from his office 'pleasantly and cheerfully,' that the house must be like a new pin, I must be prettily gowned, the dinner must be daintily cooked and served and that he mustn't be worried with a recital of the troubles of the day, no matter if delirium supervenes for me.

"These precepts are all right theoretically and under ordinary circumstances are practical. Every woman follows them instinctively who wishes to retain her husband's admiration, but why aren't there a few laws of this sort laid down for men to follow?

"Why isn't there some one to tell them to look cheerful when they come in and to forbear to grumble if dinner is a trifle late for any good reason, to be a little sympathetic and affectionate and remember that theirs are not the only troubles in the house?

"According to the ordinary writer, a woman's whole married life should be spent in practicing expedients to keep her husband's love from growing cold, while he apparently may pursue any course he pleases, civil or uncivil, tyrannical or gentlemanly, and be sure of retaining hers.

"This may not be the masculine idea of the case at all; the sterner sex may not really expect to get the whole globe and give nothing in return, but it is not the writer's fault if they don't. I sedulously keep all such articles away from John, for he's a very good husband, and I'm afraid such literature would put ideas into his head and spoil him.

"Now, poor unenlightened soul, he has an idea that my side of the partnership has its own worries, and he tries to help me straighten them out, but who knows how he would change if he ever discovered that he is really made of china and has to be handled with care to keep from being broken?"—Baltimore News.

LIKE THE LITTLE ONES.

Men, as a Rule, Are Fond of the Society of Children.

"There's a very general idea abroad in the land that men don't care to board in a house where there are children," said one of the sterner sex yesterday, "but that is, I believe, a great mistake, just as it is an error to imagine that men generally don't like the little ones. No doubt there are a few crusty old bachelors in the world who would be horribly annoyed by pattering feet and shrill little voices in the halls and on the stairs, but I must confess I like to hear these noises, and I find by questioning a number of my friends—all young, unmarried men—that they do also. The children give a sort of homy atmosphere that's very pleasant to even the most comfortless places.

"Taking one thing with another, I believe men are fonder of children than women are anyhow. What I mean is that more men than women are fond of them. I know plenty of the gentler sex who wouldn't think of going to a boarding house where youngsters were admitted, and I know just as many men who seek out those places and obtain a certain amount of comfort and satisfaction in their lonely lives in making friends with the youngsters and spending valuable time repairing sundry broken toys or telling wonderful stories in which giants figure to an amazing extent.

"A child's affection is a very delightful thing, and most men feel flattered to be the object of even a mild liking on the part of the small tyrants. There are half a dozen little ones in the house where I board, and I am the familiar friend of every one of them. It's a very delightful and absorbing acquaintance, and I'm fast developing into a story teller of such marked ability that I'll make a fortune in this way, no doubt, after awhile."—Detroit Free Press.

A Bismarck Story.

In M. Georges Michel's life of the late M. Leon Say some of the economist's letters are reproduced, and among them is one addressed to his wife describing the reception by Bismarck at Versailles of the war fine of £8,000,000 that Paris had to pay. M. Leon Say was one of the commissioners sent with the money in bank notes to hand it over to German commissioners in Bismarck's presence. The £8,000,000 was counted on a billiard table. When this was done, a receipt was shown to M. Say and then placed in an envelope which was to be sealed.

The seal failing to bite into the wax, Bismarck impatiently said to the secretary, "You do not know your business."

He snatched the seal from him, rubbed it for a short time on the hair of his head and then said, "Try now."

The result was a clear impression.

They All Like School.

"I'm not going to school today!" she cried jubilantly. "Oh, I'm sorry for you girls who'll have to sit at your desks and study."

"Why aren't you going?" they asked.

"Because," she replied, "I have to go to the dentist's."

Thus we learn the place that education takes in the list of childhood's evils.—Chicago Post.

A Practical Motive.

Aunt Gertrude—And what will you do when you are a man, Tommy?

Tommy—I'm going to grow a beard.

Aunt Gertrude—Why?

Tommy—Because then I won't have nearly so much face to wash.—Collier's Weekly.

HERE'S A NEW IDEA.

Which Would Knock All the Sentiment Out of Warfare.

"A few days before I left home," said a visitor from Washington, "a legal friend of mine called me into his office and showed me a most extraordinary mechanical monstrosity upon which he had just applied for a patent. I suppose the application has been passed upon by this time, so there is no harm in describing the device.

"It was called 'the automatic color bearer' and consisted of a small four wheeled truck made self propelling by means of a one horsepower gasoline engine geared to the axles. On the truck was a papier mache dummy of a color sergeant posed in a heroic attitude and waving a flag in the air. A cord was attached to the starting valve of the engine, to be paid out as the machine advanced, so the thing could be stopped whenever desired by simply giving it a gentle tug.

"The inventor, who was an Iowa man, began his written specifications by calling attention to the fact that the flag had disappeared from the modern battlefield. Machine guns and long range magazine rifles had banished it from the scene of action, and it would be courting certain death for any soldier to attempt to carry it through the zone of fire. The consequence was that armies now went into battle without the inspiration of their national emblem, and to remedy that grave deficiency the gentleman from Iowa offered his patent automatic color bearer.

"His plan was to keep it moving continually in front of the firing line, and he guaranteed it to stand any sort of fusillade without collapse. Being a mere shell, the dummy would offer no resistance to bullets, and they would pass clear through it without inflicting any damage except to make a small hole. The truck itself was protected in front by a five-eighths inch shell shield.

"My friend, the lawyer, nearly laughed himself into hysterics while he was explaining the machine, and he said that the inventor fully expects to make a fortune out of it. I would like to see a brigade going into action behind a papier mache color sergeant. It would be an inspiring spectacle and the ne plus ultra of modern practical warfare."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Rather Be Rich Young Widow.

Tess—Old Mr. De Sember is very indulgent to his young wife, isn't he?

Jess—Yes, and I know it just worries May sick.

Tess—Gracious! Why should it if he spends all his money on her?

Jess—Why, she's afraid he won't have any to leave her when he dies.—Philadelphia Press.

Jaggsby's Fear.

Jaggsby—I'm afraid my wife's eyesight is failing, doctor.

Doctor—I'm sorry to hear that. What makes you think such is the case?

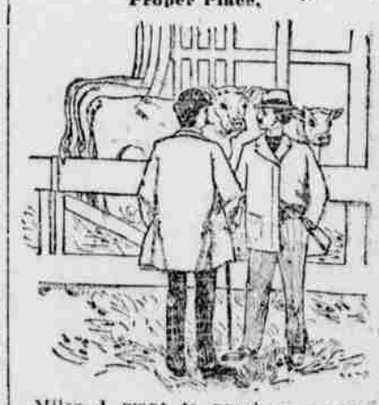
Jaggsby—Well, I went home last night about 10 o'clock, and she said, "Good gracious, Jaggsby, this can't be you at this hour!"—Chicago News.

Just About the Desired Quantity.

"I don't know what I want," said the dyspeptic guest, looking at the bill of fare. "I can't eat more than about two bites, anyway."

"You might try a couple of our mutton chops, sir," suggested the dignified waiter, unbending slightly.—Chicago Tribune.

Proper Place.



Miles—I want to purchase a thoroughbred cow, but I don't know how to look up the pedigree.

Giles—Why don't you look in a cattlelog?

Now We Have a New Word.

"Dear me," exclaimed Old Subscriber, "the paper seems to be made up almost entirely of essays and editorials today! There's practically no news in it."

"It must have been Shellonized," suggested Constant Reader.—Chicago Post.

Why He Has Started.

"I notice that Gabber, the great pro-Boer man, is off for the Transvaal at last."

"But he probably won't get there until the fighting is all over."

"Of course. That's what finally induced him to start."—Chicago Post.

Economical Thought.

Wife—My canary is dead, dear.

Husband—You don't seem to be very sorry about it.

Wife—I'm not very. You see, I can have it stuffed for my Easter bonnet, and then you'll not have to pay quite so much.—Philadelphia Press.

Too Practical.

Ethel—Did Joe Cose seriously ask you to marry him?

May—He did.

Ethel—Whatever did you say?

May—I told him I despised practical jokes.—Philadelphia North American.

The Flower and the Sod.

"Sir Tommy Lipton's new boat is to be named the Erin."

"That isn't quite so flowery as the Shamrock."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.